That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King, he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.
Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Ranen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writhing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marcus. My hand shall goe.
Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.

Titus

Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred herbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lucius. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.
Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lucius, Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Marc. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*
Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.
Moore. If that be cald deceit, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that you'le say ere halfe an houre passe.

Hee cuts off Titus *hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shall be is dispatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merrited: That let it haue.
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[6]) Octavo